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## THE PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

**T**HE slow degrees by which the language of Shakespeare has progressed from the rude strength of the days of Harold to that of Chaucer, can only be properly appreciated by taking some well-known composition, and tracing its changes age by age. As a literary curiosity we give the alterations made in the Lord's Prayer, prefixing to them a Gothic translation :

### I. GOTHIC : A. D. 360.

Atta unsar, thu in himinam;  
Weihnai namo thein;  
Quimai thiudenassus theins;  
Wairthai wiljah theins sue in himina, jah ana air-thai.  
Hlaif unsarana thana sinteinan gif uns himmadaga,  
Jah aflet uns thatci skulans sijaima, swaswo jah weis adetam thaim skulam unsaraim,  
Ja ni briggas uns in fraistubnjai,  
Ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin,  
Unta theina ist thiudangardi jah mahts, jah wultus;  
in aiwins. Amen.

### II. EARLY CLASSIC : ANGLO SAXON.

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heafenum,  
Si thin nama gehalgod;  
To-becume thin Rice;  
Gewordhe thin Willa on Eorthen swa swa on Heofenum.  
Urne ge dagwamlcan Hlaf syle us to-dag;  
And forgyf us ure Gyltas swa swa we forgyfadh urum Gyltendum;  
And ne gelade thu us on Costnunge;  
Ac alys us of Yfe. Sothlice.

### III. ANGLO SAXON : A. D. 875.

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenum,  
Si thin Nama gehalgod;  
To-becume thin Rice;  
Gewurthe thin Willa on Eorthan swa swa on Heofenum;  
Urne ge daghwamlcan Hlaf syle us to dag;  
And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfadh urum Gyltendum;  
And ne geladde thu on Cosnunge;  
Ac alyse us af Yfe.

### IV. ANGLO SAXON : ABOUT A. D. 880.

Fader uren, thu arth in Heofnum,  
Si gehalgud Noma thin;  
To cymeth Ric thin;  
Sie Willo thin suae is in Heafne and in Eortha;  
Hlaf usonne of wistlic sel us to dag;  
And fergef us Scylda usna, sua, ue fergefon Scyld-gum usum;  
And ne inlad usih in Costunge;  
Uh gefrig usich from Yfe.

### V. ANGLO SAXON : ABOUT A. D. 900.

Thu ure Fader, the eart on Heofenum,  
Si thin Nama gehalgod;  
Cume thin Rice;  
Si thin Willa on Eortha, swa swa on Heofenum,

Syle us to Dag urne to dagwamlcan Hlaf;  
And forgif us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath tham the with us agyltath;  
And ne lad thu na us on Costnunge;  
Ac alys us fram Yfe. Sih it swa.

### VI. ANGLO SAXON : ABOUT 900 ; ANOTHER VERSION.

Fader unser se the is on Heofnum,  
Gihalhod bith Noma thin;  
To cymeth Rice thin;  
Sie Willa thin sie swa on Heafne and on Heorthis;  
Hlaf userne daghwamlce sel us to Dage;  
And forgef us Synne use swa fastlice and ec we for-geofas eghwelce Scylde user;  
And ne usih on lad thu in Costnunge;  
Ah afrai usih from Yfe.

### VII. ENGLISH OR SEMI-SAXON : ABOUT A. D. 1160.

Ure Fader, thu the on Heofene eart,  
Syo thin Name gehaleged;  
To cume thin Rice,  
Geworde thin Wille on Heofene and on Eorthe;  
Syle us to Daig urne daighwamlche Hlaf;  
And forgyf us ura Geltes, swa we forgyfath aelcen thare the with us agylteth.  
And ne lad thu un on Costnunge,  
Ac alys us fram Yfe.

### VIII. ENGLISH : 1200-1300.

Oure Fader that art in Hevenes,  
Halewid be thin Name;  
Thy kingdom come;  
To be thi Wille do as in Hevene and in Erthe.  
Gyff to us this Day our Brede over other substance;  
And forgive to us our Dettis, as forgyuen to oure Dettours;  
And lede us not in'o Temptatioun;  
But Delyue us fro Yvel. Amen, that is, so be it.

### IX. WICLIF'S VERSION : 1370.

Oure Fadyr, that art in Hevenes,  
Halleod be thy Name;  
Thy kingdom come to;  
Be thy Will done in Eerthe as in Hevene;  
Geue to us this Day our Bread, over other substance;  
And forgyf to us our Dettis, as we forgyuen to our Dettora.  
And lede us not into Temptation;  
But deliver us from Evil. Amen.

### X. A. D. 1430.

Oure Fadir, that art in Hevenis,  
Halewid be thi name;  
Thi kingdom come to thee;  
Be thy Will done in Eerth as in Hevene;  
Giue us this day ours Breed over othre substance;  
And forgyve to us oure Dettis, as we forgyuen our Dettours.  
And lede us not into Temptation;  
But deliver us from Ivel. Amen.

### XI. A. D. 1526. TINDAL'S VERSION.

Our Father which art in Heven,  
Halowed be thy name;  
Let thy kingdom come;  
Thy will be fulfilled as well in earth, as it is in heven,  
Geue us this daye our dayly bred;  
And forgyue us our Dettis, as we forgyuen our Dettors;  
And leade us not into temptation;  
But deliver us from Evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glorie for ever

## A STRING OF PEARLS.

**G**OOD sonnets are rare. It is a difficult species of composition, for its requirements are many. Byron, with all his wonderful faculty of expression, would not attempt the Petrarchian verse, except in rare instances, and in these does not appear to advantage. To write a good sonnet requires a peculiar endowment—as much so as to write a good epigram, or good inscription. We shall write a chapter on these requisition, some of these days. Let this suffice to introduce these sonnets, which are good, and have found their way to our drawer.

This, by our admirable contributor A.

P. C., is very happily expressed :

Two lustres hast thou been reposing, love?  
In this most glowing idleness; sweet dreams  
In myriad shapes, fantastic weaving; streams  
Of melody, like to a wounded dove,  
Or nightingale, soft pouring from above,  
Beneath, around, till the air seems  
Fraught with thy sorrow, and the listener deems  
Thou hast but one string to thy harp, to move!  
'Tis as the idlesse of a long June day;  
We quaff the bird notes, and we breathe the flowers  
Into one being's core—till the worn clay,  
Regardless of these riches of the hours,  
Falls from the spirit, as a wreath of hay  
Drops from the scythe before man's finite powers.

This, by M. L. S., addressed to her study, is very fine :

A slumberous silence—a charmed, dreamy hush  
Pervades the room. The flowers from their urn  
Breathe fragrance. Book-lined walls and ceiling  
burn  
In the bright glory—the warm sunset blush  
Of parting day. There thou, beloved one!  
Dost sit; light beaming from thy serious eye;  
Pursuing some large theme, ethereal, high.  
Meanwhile I weave gay fantasies, and shun  
The graver thought, that so, when twilight shades  
Steal o'er the scene, I may with joyous mood  
Beguile the hour, and fill thy solitude  
With pleasant cheer. The flowers, when sunshine  
fades,  
Their sweetest incense pour; like them I'd bring,  
At evening hour, some gracious offering!

It verily is much like this by the poet Crabbe, in its spirit and utterance :

Lo! all in silence, all in order stand,  
And mighty folios first, a lordly hand;  
Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain,  
And light octavos fill a spacious plain;  
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,  
An humble band of duodecimos;  
While undistinguished trifles swell the scene,  
The last new play and frittered magazine.  
Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,  
In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state:  
Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,  
Are much admired, and are but little read;  
The commons next, a middle rank are found,  
Professions fruitful pour their offspring round:  
Reasoners and wits are next their place allowed,  
And last, of vulgar tribes, a countless crowd.